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Bill Boyd

WESTERN

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THE WESTERN

TORNADO
TERROR!



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 MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President



IT IS ONLY A WEEK AFTER A TORNADO HAS HOWLED THROUGH THE TOWN OF BOWIE THAT BILL BOYD ARRIVES.

IT WAS THE WORST BLOW I EVER DID SEE, BOYD! KILLED A LOT OF FINE PEOPLE AND DID A LOT OF DAMAGE.

I HEAR IT WAS QUITE SOMETHING! WHO ARE THE YOUNG STERS, SHERIFF? THEY LOOK LET DOWN!

THAT'S THE SADDEST PART! THAT TORNADO MADE QUITE A FEW ORPHANS AROUND THESE PARTS! IT WAS MIGHTY NICE OF CY CATEL TO OFFER HIS SPREAD FOR THEM TO STAY ON UNTIL THE FOLKS DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH THEM! I RECKON MOST OF THEM WILL HAVE TO GO TO AN ORPHANAGE!

THEY SURE LOOK AS IF THEY NEED CHEERING UP!

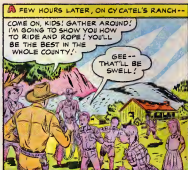


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WELL--SOME OF THE BOYS ARE RIDING OVER TO CY'S PLACE TO SHOW THE YOUNGSTERS SOME RIDING AND ROPING TRICKS; MAYBE THAT'LL HELP!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! IT'LL TAKE THEIR MINDS OFF THEIR LOSSES IF WE CAN TEACH THEM THINGS LIKE THAT! I'LL GO OVER WITH THE BOYS!



A FEW HOURS LATER, ON CY CATEL'S RANCH--
COME ON, KIDS! GATHER AROUND! I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO RIDE AND ROPE! YOU'LL BE THE BEST IN THE WHOLE COUNTY!

GEE-- THAT'LL BE SWELL!



COME ON, SON; YOU'RE IN ON THIS, TOO!

YES SIR-- B-BUT I CAN'T!

JIMMIE'S BEING PUNISHED AGAIN; I RECKON MR. CATEL DOESN'T LIKE HIM NOHOW; MR. CATEL SAYS HE'S TO STICK CLOSE TO THE RANCH!



PUNISHED? WHAT DID HE DO?

I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW, BILL; BUT MR. CATEL DOESN'T WANT HIM PLAYING WITH US!

JIMMIE!



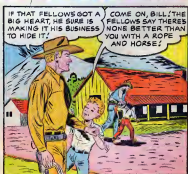
DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO STAY IN THE RANCH HOUSE? NOW GET GOING!

(SNIFF) YES-- SIR--!



HE DOESN'T SEEM LIKE A BAD KID TO ME, CATEL! WHY NOT LET HIM JOIN THE OTHERS? IT'LL CHEER HIM UP AND--

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, HONNOR! I'M TAKING CARE OF THESE KIDS! I DIDN'T SEND FOR YOU, SO DO YOUR STUFF AND CLEAR OUT!



IF THAT FELLOW'S GOT A BIG HEART, HE SURE IS MAKING IT HIS BUSINESS TO HIDE IT!

COME ON, BILL! THE FELLOWS SAY THERE'S NONE BETTER THAN YOU WITH A ROPE AND HORSE!



NOW HERE'S THE WAY YOU HOLD A LASSO BEFORE THROWING IT!

PEEST--BOSS! I GOT TO SEE YOU A MINUTE!



BAD NEWS! DAN CARSON--THAT BRAT'S OLDER BROTHER, JUST RODE INTO BOWIE AND HE'S HEADING OUT TOWARD HIS RANCH! HE JUST GOT WIND ABOUT HIS FOLKS BEING KILLED!

BLAST IT! WHY COULDN'T HE HAVE STAYED AWAY A LITTLE WHILE LONGER?



I DON'T FIGURE ON HIM COMING BACK! THAT RANNIE HAS BEEN RIDING FOR RODEOS FOR FIVE YEARS, AND HE AIN'T TO FIND OUT SEEN HIS FOLKS OR THAT BLOW AND HE'S GOING TO START LOOKING FOR HIM!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?



WELL--I AIN'T BEEN PUTTING ON THE BIG-HEARTED ACT FOR THESE ORPHANS FOR NOTHING! THAT CARSON SPREAD IS WORTH PLENTY, AND I AIM TO HAVE IT! I WAS JUST FIXING TO MAKE MYSELF JIMMIE'S GUARDIAN AND SHIP THOSE OTHER BRATS TO AN ORPHANAGE!

BUT YOU CAN'T BE HIS GUARDIAN WHILE HIS OLDER BROTHER IS ALIVE!



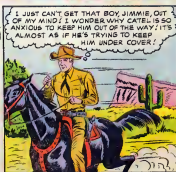
WHILE HE'S ALIVE, I CAN'T! BUT I WANT YOU TO GET SOME OF THE BOYS AND PUT HIM OUT OF THE WAY! THEN THE RANCH WILL BELONG TO THE KID--AND ME--HIS NEW GUARDIAN!



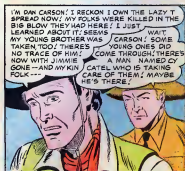
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AS BILL AND THE OTHER BOYS END THEIR EXHIBITION---

I'D LIKE TO SAY GOODBYE TO THAT YOUNGSTER WHO'S BEING PUNISHED, CATEL--THAT IS, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

I DO MIND! YOU DID WHAT YOU CAME FOR--NOW VAMOOSE!



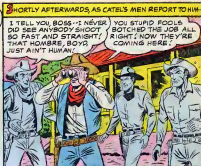
I JUST CAN'T GET THAT BOY, JIMMIE, OUT OF MY MIND! I WONDER WHY CATEL IS SO ANXIOUS TO KEEP HIM OUT OF THE WAY! IT'S ALMOST AS IF HE'S TRYING TO KEEP HIM UNDER COVER!





YOU--YOU REALLY THINK JIMMIE MIGHT BE THERE--? SAFE AND ALIVE?

THERE ARE A FEW KIDS THERE CALLED JIMMIE! LET'S RIDE OUT TO SEE IF ONE OF THEM IS YOUR BROTHER!



I TELL YOU, BOSS--I NEVER DID SEE ANYBODY SHOOT SO FAST AND STRAIGHT! THAT HOMBRE, BOYD, JUST AIN'T HUMAN!

YOU STUPID FOOLS BOTCHED THE JOB ALL RIGHT! NOW THEY'RE COMING HERE!



GET THAT BRAT, JIMMIE, OUT OF HERE! TAKE HIM TO THE CABIN! I'LL HANDLE THESE TWO! GET GOING--PRONTO!

SURE, BOSS-- SURE!



A HALF HOUR LATER--

WELL, HERE'RE ALL THE CHILDREN I'VE BEEN KEEPING HERE, CARSON! RECOGNIZE ANY AS YOUR BROTHER?

IT'S FIVE YEARS SINCE I SAW JIMMIE-- BUT I'D KNOW HIM SURE ENOUGH IF I SAW HIM! HE'S NOT HERE!

WAIT A MINUTE!



HOW ABOUT THAT YOUNG ONE CALLED JIMMIE? HE WAS TOO MUCH TO YOU WERE PUNISHING? I DON'T SEE HIM ABOUT--

OH, THAT ONE? HE WAS TOO MUCH TO HANDLE, SO I SENT HIM AWAY! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE ONE! HIS NAME WAS JIMMIE BLAKE!



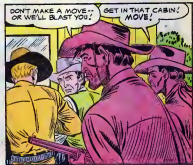
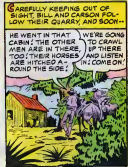
I RECKON IT'S NO USE, BOYD! I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP! JIMMIE'S GONE!

PSST-- BILL!



JIMMIE DIDN'T GO WITH HIS UNCLE! MR. CATEL'S MEN TOOK HIM OFF SOME PLACE! JIMMIE WAS FIGHTING AND CRYING AND--

ARE YOU SURE, SON? GOOD BOY! JUST GO ON BACK NOW AND DON'T LET ON YOU TOLD ME!





A SAD PLOT!

I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT YORE OLD FOREMAN DIED!

YES, HE WAS A FINE MAN!



AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THE MAN SPELLED HIS NAME WRONG ON THE TOMBSTONE!

WHAT! THE MAN SPELLED YORE FOREMAN'S NAME WRONG ON THE TOMBSTONE...



...TSK, TSK, THAT WAS A GRAVE MISTAKE!



QUIZ

SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS —
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT.
4 CORRECT, VERY GOOD. 3 CORRECT, GOOD. 2 CORRECT, FAIR. 1 CORRECT, POOR.

1 PRESIDENT GARFIELD WAS SHOT ON JULY 2, 1882.

☐ True ☐ False

2 A \$20,000 BILL RANKS BETWEEN A \$5,000 BILL AND A \$100,000 BILL.

☐ True ☐ False



3 THE ARTIST, WHISTLER, WAS BORN ON JULY 12, 1834.

☐ True ☐ False

4 BASTILLE DAY, IN FRANCE, IS CELEBRATED ON JULY 4th.

☐ True ☐ False

5 THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT WAS COMPLETED IN 1842.

☐ True ☐ False

HOW SHOULD I SHOW?

ANSWERS: 1. TRUE 2. FALSE 3. TRUE 4. FALSE 5. TRUE

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WACVIE STRALS

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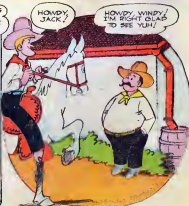
WHAT YOU GET! Open a box of Kellogg's Raisin Bran and get your prize! A bright-colored genuine plastic ring with a picture on top! Pictures of airplanes, cowboys, Indians, sport stars, movie stars! These prize picture rings fit any finger! Most important, you get this double-treat: plump golden-cream raisins, with Kellogg's nourishing golden-crisp flakes!

Surprise—entirely new series of prizes coming soon!

Kellogg's
RAISIN
BRAN
CEREAL WITH FRUIT



ONE DAY—



YUH MEAN YO'RE NOT ANGRY WITH ME BECAUSE I PUT BLUE IN YO'RE SOUP LAST NIGHT?

NAW!



AND YO'RE NOT SORE BECAUSE I SPREAD ITCHING POWDER DOWN YO'RE BACK?

NAW / I CAN TAKE A JOKE!



WELL, I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT! SOME OF THE FELLERS GET RUED UP! WHY, GUS HART WAS STEAMING JEST BECAUSE I PUT TAP IN A HAIR TONIC BOTTLE AND POURED IT ON HIS HEAD!

(GASP!!)



NOW WHY SHOULD AN HOMBRE GET HOT UNDER THE COLLAR ON ACCOUNT OF A LITTLE JOKE LIKE THAT?

SOME LITTLE JOKE! IT'S ABOUT TIME WINDY HAD SOME OF THESE LITTLE JOKE'S PLAYED ON HIM!



I RECKON SOME CRITTERS JEST HAVEN'T GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR! BUT IM DIFFERENT! I GOT A KICK OUT OF THEM!

ME, TOO! HA! HA!



SAY, HAVE YUH HEARD BOUT THE NEW GAME THE FELLERS ARE PLAYING?

A NEW GAME?



YEAH! IT'S CALLED BUZZING THE BEE!

"BUZZING THE BEE"? THAT SOUNDS INTERESTING! HOW DO YUH PLAY IT?



WELL, I'LL TELL YUH! AS A MATTER OF FACT I'LL SHOW YUH! YUH'LL BE THE KING BEE AND STAY OUT HYAR IN THE HIVE WHILE I GO INSIDE AND GET SOME MONEY!



THEN I COME BACK AND BUZZ AROUND YUH THREE TIMES! THE THIRD TIME I BUZZ AROUND, YUH SAY, 'GIVE IT TO ME' AND, ER, I GIVE YUH THE HONEY! GET IT?



I GET IT! YUH BUZZ AROUND ME THREE TIMES AND THE THIRD TIME I SAY, 'GIVE IT TO ME' AND YUH GIVE ME THE HONEY!

THAT'S RIGHT! I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!



THIS WATER IS JUST WHAT I NEED!



I'LL FILL MEH WHOLE MOUTH WITH IT!



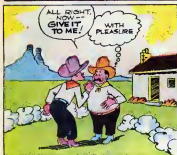
NOW TO GET EVEN WITH WINDY!



BUZZZZ!
Bizzzz
Bizz!

I UNDERSTAND! YORE BUZZING AROUND ME!





Bill Boyd and THE HAUNTED HOTEL

• A CROWBAIT STORY •

HUM! (GASP) MY HORSES ARE RUNNING AWAY WITH MY WAGON! I MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO HITCH THEM!

WHAT, AGAIN, CROWBAIT? THIS IS THE THIRD TIME IN THE LAST MONTH YOU'VE DONE THE SAME HARE BRAINED THING!

SADDLE RIVER GENERAL STORE

BANK



COME ON, MIDNITE, IT'S UP TO US TO STOP THE RUN-AWAY HORSES BEFORE THEY DO ANY HARM!

ATTA BOY BILL, YOU'RE CATCHING UP TO THOSE PESKY MAVERICKS!

YOU'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH!





BUT THE MURDER HAS BEEN SEEN.

(GASP) I STUMBLED ON A MURDER! THAT VARMINT KILLED MISTER HUDSON OF THE TALL OAKS HOTEL IN COLD BLOOD! I'D BETTER GET TO TOWN AS FAST AS I CAN AND TELL THE SHERIFF!



GIDDAP!
GIDDAP!

WHAT'S THAT NOISE --- (GULP)
IT'S THAT TRAVELING PEDDLER,
CROWBAIT! HE MUST HAVE
SEEN ME KILL HUDSON! I'VE
GOT TO STOP HIM AND
SEAL HIS MOUTH!



DANGBLAST IT, HE'S
GETTING AWAY!



THAT'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
I'M GOING BACK TO WILLIS!
HE'S GOT TO PROTECT ME
OR HIDE ME OR HE'LL SWING
FOR THIS JOB, TOO!



CROWBAIT SPEEDS TO TOWN AND
HURRIES TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

YUH SAW HUDSON
GET SHOT, EH?
DO YUH KNOW
WHO THE
KILLER
IS?



NOT BY NAME,
SHERIFF, BUT
IF I SAW HIM
I'D KNOW HIM
RIGHT OFF!

WAL, STICK IN TOWN!
THE COYOTE IS
PROBABLY FROM
AROUND HYAR,
AND YUH'LL BE
SHORE TO SPOT
HIM SOONER OR
LATER!

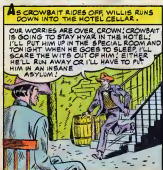
I SHORE HOPE SO,
THAT'S NOTHING I
LIKE BETTER THAN
HELPING TO PUT A
MURDERER WHAR HE
BELONGS -- BEHIND
BARS!

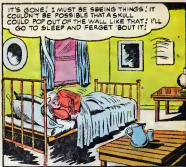


M EANWHILE, AT THE TALL OAKS HOTEL...

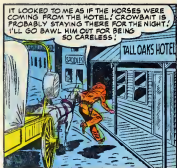
I KILLED HUDSON LIKE YUH WANTED, WILLIS,
BUT WE'RE IN TROUBLE! CROWBAIT SAW ME
DO IT! YUH'VE GOT TO HIDE ME AND THEN
GET RID OF HIM OR WE'LL BOTH BE
COOKED!











the POPSICLE TWINS ON THE RANGE

TESS AND TIM
TRAP CATTLE RUSTLERS

—AND I SHOWED
DAD HOW THIS
"POPSICLE"
CODE-O-GRAPH
WORKS, TOO—

TIM—
COULD
THOSE MEN
BE CATTLE
RUSTLERS?

FOUND 'EM
WATCHING US,
BOSS

WE'LL
HOLD 'EM FOR
RANSOM IN
THE OLD MINE

—AND TELL YOUR
PA TO LEAVE THE
MONEY UNDER
WHISTLING ROCK

I'M WRITING
BETWEEN THE
LINES WITH MY
SECRET INK

SMART WORK,
TIM, USING YOUR
CODE-O-GRAPH
INK!

IT'S JAIL
FOR THESE
HOWBRES!

THAT
WAS AN
EXCITING
ROUND-UP
KIDS!

THERE'S ALWAYS
A ROUND-UP OF
EXCITING
GIFTS IN THE
"POPSICLE"
GIFT LIST!

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—A SWELL "POPSICLE" PAPER BAG THAT REDEEMS "POPSICLE" GIFTS—



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FIGHTING WORDS

By Clement Good



DUDE SLEEGER was all slicked up. His hair was bear-greased till it had a patent leather shine, his black mustache was waxed, his shirt was shiny white, his coat and pants were fresh-pressed and his boots shone like silver.

Phil, the fiddler, was sawing away like mad and the rhythm of the music was rocking the old barn. The shouting of the caller and the thumping and jumping of feet made the echoes ring from the rafters; everybody was having a swell time as they always did at the Rapid River square dances.

Then Dude tripped or slipped—anyway, he stumbled. And Loudmouth Larry, leaning against a wall near the orchestra, bellowed, "Ho, there, Dude, yuh could dance better if yuh dressed up yore feet in shoes instead of fiddle cases!"

Some of the girls giggled and that's what really set off the Dude. He marched straight up to Loudmouth Larry and snarled, "Take that back or I'll smash your ugly teeth down your throat."

Larry was a peaceable fellow. He had only made the remark in the spirit of pleasantry and good fun. But he couldn't take it back and still hold up his head in that cow territory. Besides, Dude Sleeper had cast aspersions on his teeth.

So Larry did the only thing that seemed to him possible and appropriate under the circumstances. He gave Dude a smash in the mustache. Sleeper was a pretty husky fellow, but he was no match for the ham-like fist of Loudmouth Larry. The blow sent him sprawling backward across the rough dance floor.

Larry turned from the fallen man and spoke to the orchestra. "Strike up a tune, Phil. I didn't aim to stop the dancing just because some slick-haired galoot can't take a joke."

Some of the dancers laughed, some applauded, and Phil struck up a tune. Dude Sleeper

lay sprawled and apparently stunned where he had fallen. But his beady eyes were on the broad back of Loudmouth Larry. They glittered with hatred, waiting for an opening. Then as the swirl of dancers moved away and Larry was a clear target, Dude snaked a pearl-handled pistol from his hidden shoulder holster.

None of the dancers was watching him. Dude knew he could make his killing, then spring through a window into the open night with a pretty fair chance to escape. Nobody else was armed. It was one of the rules of the dance that you must check your shooting irons at the door.

A dancing couple hopped in front of Larry and his life was saved—for a second—as Dude grimly held fire. Then the couple sashayed away and Larry was once again a clear target.

From the hayloft, now converted into a make-shift balcony, a flying figure descended toward Sleeper. The Dude's gun barked, but his arm had been smashed downward so that the slug did no damage except to the plank. The gun clattered from the killer's fingers.

The shot and commotion had brought the dancing to an abrupt halt. There were exclamations, excited talk, a few screams. The dancers gathered around where a stockily built young man was rising to his feet, with the sullen Dude firmly collared. The most remarkable feature of the stocky young man was a pair of large ears that stood out almost at right angles to his head.

Many were the shouts and cries:

"Look, it's Donkey Ears!"

"He caught the Dude with a gun!"

"He jumped down from the loft and kept Dude from shooting!"

Then another voice, louder than all the rest, bellowed, "He didn't jump down. He just spread them there donkey ears like an old buzzard and he flew down!"

A few embarrassed giggles were heard, but

one man turned on Larry and said, "Loudmouth, that's a fine thing to say about a man who just saved your life. If it were not for him, you'd be sprouting wings yourself right now."

"Gosh, I didn't mean any offense," said Loudmouth Larry. "I just thought it was a good joke. I'm downright obliged to you for saving my life, Donkey Ears!"

The young man, so addressed, didn't reply to Larry. Instead he leveled his gaze at Dude Sleeper and said, "Mister, I reckon your company isn't wanted here. It's agin the rules to bring a gun into this here dance and you might've hit some innocent party. I advise you to git. I advise you to git to a healthier climate and pronto! Now, git!"

Dude made a move to pick up his fallen gun, but the stocky young man placed a foot on it and said, "Oh, no. That's confiscated. You just git!"

Sullenly, Dude moved to the doorway. There he turned and said, "I'll get you for this!" He disappeared into the night.

The men and girls, especially the girls, gathered around the stocky young man and admired him. They called him a hero and wanted to know how he knew Dude had a gun.

"Well, I didn't," was the response. "I just happened to be up in the hayloft, watching, and I saw him pull that pistol out from inside his coat."

"But what were you doing up in the hayloft?"

"I . . . well . . . I . . ." He seemed embarrassed, but finally blurted it out. "I like to hear the music—Fiddler Phil's fiddle and all the excitement and everything—so I snuck up there and listened. I like to dance, too, but since somebody put the handle of 'Donkey Ears' on me, I figured none of the ladies would want to dance with me. They'd laugh at me!"

At these words, the ladies almost fought with each other for the privilege of dancing with the large-eared hero. In the commotion, nobody noticed that Loudmouth Larry suddenly looked grave and thoughtful—a very unusual look to be on his wide countenance. And

nobody noticed that while the girls were dancing with "Donkey Ears" and showing him the time of his life, Loudmouth Larry slipped quietly out of the door and into the silent night.

Much later, when Phil the Fiddler had played his last tune and the dance had broken up, Donkey Ears was riding the lonely trail toward home. As he rode, he sang a song and his heart was happy. He was so happy that he didn't notice the crackle of underbrush as a stealthy footstep moved toward the path. He didn't see the dark figure, crouched against a rock and silhouetted by the moon, raising a rifle to site at him.

"Swing your partner, swing your partner!" sang Donkey Ears.

The rifle cracked.

A bullet whined over his head.

The reason the bullet went over his head instead of through his head was that Loudmouth Larry had slightly jarred Dude Sleeper with a bone-crushing right to the jaw.

"I'm not joking with this punch!" declared Larry, as he threw it, and it must have been true, for the Dude crumbled into an unconscious heap.

As Donkey Ears rode up, Larry was loading the Dude onto a horse.

He explained, "I heard this varmint say he'd get you—uh—pal. I could see in his hateful eyes that he meant business, so I left the dance and trailed him. I figured he'd bushwhack you if nobody stopped him. So I stopped him and now he's a case for the sheriff."

"You saved my life."

"Well, turnabout's fair play. Anyways, I'm sorry I pinned that nickname on you. I thought it was only a joke, but . . . well . . . I can see that sometimes a joke ain't so funny and I don't aim to slap nicknames on people any more. By the way, friend, what handle should I call you by?"

THE stocky young man smiled. "Larry, why don't you just call me 'Donk'?"

"It's a deal . . . Donk!" responded Larry. Solemnly they shook hands.

THE END

SQUEEZE PLAY SAVES THE DAY!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY!

IT'S THE LAST PRACTICE BEFORE THE BIG GAME, SO WE'LL WORK ON BUNTING

LET'S GO!

THAT'S IT, BOB! A SWELL BUNT FOR A SQUEEZE PLAY. LET'S DO IT AGAIN

SEE! THIS PLAY TAKES REAL SPEED!

YEAH, AND WE MUSTN'T FORGET TO WEAR OUR "P-F'S" AFTER WHAT JIM TOLD US!

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

THE BIG GAME!

WOW! THE SCORE AND TOM ON THIRD! NOW FOR THE SQUEEZE PLAY!

REMEMBER THE SESSION ON BUNTING? BOB, DO YOUR STUFF!

1. THE ALL-IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE 3 MAIN SUPPORTING BONES OF THE NORMAL FOOT IN PROPER POSITION.



*TRADE MARK

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION



BOY! THAT SQUEEZE BUNT WINS THE GAME!

THOSE PRACTICE SESSIONS SURE PAID OFF. STEADY PRACTICE AND "P-F'S" ARE MIGHTY IMPORTANT!

MY "P-F'S" SURE HELPED ME GET A FAST START!

GOOD ADVICE FROM JIM WISE:

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

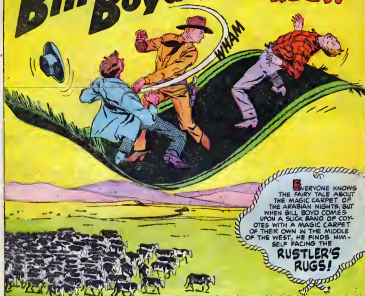
1. LESSEN FOOT STRAIN
2. YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET
4. PROMOTE GOOD POSTURE



INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY B.F. Goodrich and Hood Rubber Company.

Bill Boyd in

RUSTLER'S RUGS!



ONE NIGHT, BILL BOYD RIDES NEAR THE BORDER WHEN SUDDENLY---

OH, OH! THAT MAN'S BEING BEATEN! LET'S GO, MIDNITE!

HELP..HELP!

SECONDS LATER---

HOLD ON!

LOOK--- LET'S GIT HIM, QUICK!

NOT SO FAST!

WHAM!



LET'S GO, MIDNITE! DEAD TREE PASS IS ONE OF THE PASSAGES LEADING FROM THE FOOTHILLS ACROSS THE BORDER! WE'VE SOME RUSTLERS TO STOP!



SOON AFTER, BILL BOYD REACHES DEAD TREE PASS!

THERE ARE NO RUSTLERS HERE, THAT'S SURE! BUT THAT POOR FELLOW PLAINLY SAID DEAD TREE PASS!



AND THERE HAVE BEEN NO CATTLE RUSTLED THROUGH HERE TONIGHT! THE GROUND WOULD BE COVERED WITH HOOFPRIENTS IF THERE HAD BEEN! I'D BETTER HEAD FOR THE NEAREST TOWN AND REPORT THIS TO THE SHERIFF!



THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE TOWN OF WIDE HAT--

SO YOU'VE BEEN PLAUGED BY RUSTLERS, SHERIFF! AND RANCHERS REPORTED THEIR CATTLE BEING RUSTLED, BUT YOU CAN'T FIND ANY TRAIL OF THE RUSTLERS!

EXACTLY, BILL! AND FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION OF THAT POOR CRITTER YOU FOUND DONE IN LAST NIGHT, I'D SAY HE WAS ONE OF POP TURNER'S HANDS! I RECKON I'M RIGHT BECAUSE HERE COMES POP TURNER NOW!



SOME PROTECTION YOU'RE GVIN', SHERIFF! SOME O' MSH HANDS WERE KILLED AND MSH CATTLE RUSTLED LAST NIGHT! THEY MUST'VE TAKEN 'EM ACROSS THE BORDER THROUGH DEAD TREE PASS! YUH SHOUL'D'VE BEEN PATROLLIN' IT!



HOLD ON! I WAS AT DEAD TREE PASS LAST NIGHT! NO CATTLE WERE RUSTLED THROUGH THERE! THERE WASN'T A HOOFPRIENT IN THE WHOLE PASS!

HOGWASH! YUH CANY' RUSTLE A HERD O' STEERS THROUGH A PASS WITHOUT LEAVIN' A TRAIL! FER ALL I KNOW, YUH'RE IN CARKETS WITH THE RUSTLERS, STRANGER!



I JUST SAY WE RANCHERS BETTER GIT SOME PROTECTION OR A NEW SHERIFF!



SOMETHING MIGHTY QUEER IS GOING ON, SHERIFF! I'LL HELP YOU GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS BUSINESS!

THANKS, BILL! NOW I KNOW WHY THE WHOLE WEST SAYS THAT YOU'RE A REAL SADDLE PARTNER!



THAT NIGHT, AT DEAD TREE PASS---

SO FAR, THERE ARE NO CATTLE BEING RUSTLED TONIGHT! THE SHERIFF IS PATROLLING AT CROOKED PASS AT THE SOUTH OF THE BORDER!



I'LL PUT MY EAR TO THE GROUND! IF THERE'S A HERD MOVING ANYWHERE NEAR, I OUGHT TO HEAR IT!



SAY---THERE IS A HERD MOVING, AND NOT FAR FROM HERE! FROM THE SOUND OF IT, THEY MUST BE GOING THROUGH EAGLE PASS!



COME ON, MIDNITE! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO EAGLE PASS, PRONTO!



BUT WHEN BILL REACHES THE PASS---

THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING---NOT A SINGLE HOOFPRINT! BUT I HEARD THEM! THIS BEATS ME!



BUT IN TOWN, THE FOLLOWING DAY---

ANOTHER RANCHER REPORTED HIS HERD WAS RUSTLED LAST NIGHT, BILL!

WHAT? THEN A HERD DID GO THROUGH EAGLE PASS! BUT THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN WALKING ON AIR! THERE MUST BE AN ANSWER!





I'LL BE BACK, SHERIFF! RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO FIGURE HOW A HERD CAN BE RUSTLED THROUGH A BORDER PASS AND NOT LEAVE HOOFPRINTS!



BUT AS BILL WALKS THROUGH TOWN, DEEP IN THOUGHT...

JUST BY LOOKING AT THOSE PARCELS, I'D GUESS THOSE WERE RUSS; BUT WHO'D BE NEEDING SIX RUSS HERE IN THIS COWTOWN?



SAY-- I JUST WONDER--- I THINK I WANT TO ASK THE STAGE DRIVER A FEW QUESTIONS!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER---

YEP, PARTNER! THOSE ARE RUSS THAT TODD OAWSON IS HAVING HIS HANDS LOAD ONTO HIS WAGON!

TODD OAWSON, EH? WOULD YOU KNOW WHY A MAN WOULD NEED SIX RUSS IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY? I HAVEN'T NOTICED ANY FINE HOUSES AROUND!



SEARCH ME! THIS IS THE FIFTH SHIPMENT HE'S GOTTEN FROM BACK EAST WHERE THEY ARE MADE; AND THEY'RE FINE, HEAVY RUSS, TOO!

I SEE! I'VE ANOTHER IDEA WHAT OAWSON MAY BE DOING WITH HIS RUSS! THANKS -- YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT HELP!



THAT NIGHT, BILL BOYD CAREFULLY APPROACHES A RANCH ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN!

HERE WE ARE, MONTE --- TODD OAWSON'S PLACE! NOW WE'LL JUST SIT HERE A SPELL AND WATCH!



WELL, WE WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG, MONTE; HERE THEY COME NOW! AND THEY'VE GOT THE RUSS LOADED ON THAT RIG!



COME ON, BOY! LET'S FOLLOW THEM!

SOON...

THEY'RE SEPARATING,
MIDNITE! WE'LL
FOLLOW THE RIG!
I'VE A HUNCH WE'LL
BE MEETING THE
OTHERS SOON
ENOUGH!



WATER, AT THE BORDER PASS.....

I HEAR THEIR RIG STOPPING IN
THE PASS! I'LL GO SEE WHAT
THEY'RE DOING! YOU WAIT
HERE, MIDNITE!



SHAKE A LEG, HANK!
DANSON AND THE
REST WILL BE
BACK SOON!

THEY'RE
JUST
AHEAD!



THERE THEY ARE! AND JUST
AS I THOUGHT...-THEY'VE
CARPETED THE WHOLE PASS
WITH THOSE RUGS! I'VE SEEN
ENOUGH FOR NOW! I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
THESE
TWO BE-
FORE THE
OTHERS
RETURN!



AND A SECOND LATER...

HOLD ON,
YOU SUCH
GENTS!

UUUH!



I'LL SEE THAT
YOU TWO GET
TO TAKE CARE
OF THE RUG
IN THE
WARDEN'S
OFFICE!

WHY, YUH
...OW!



RELAX, PARTNER!

KLUNK!

POW





HOW TO THE THESE TWO AND WAIT FOR DAWSON AND THE OTHERS! THEY OUGHT TO BE ARRIVING SOON WITH A HERD OF RUSTLED CATTLE!



DAWSON AND HIS PAL'S WILL HAVE TO BUNCH-UP TO FOLLOW THE HERD THROUGH THE PASS! THAT'LL MAKE THINGS EASIER FOR ME! I CAN ROUND UP THE HERD AFTER I FINISH WITH DAWSON!



SOON AFTER, THE HERD OF RUSTLED CATTLE FILES THROUGH THE PASS, UNTIL ---

NOT A SIGN, AND I CAN'T FIGURE IT! THEY PUT THE RUGS DOWN, BUT WHERE ARE THEY NOW?



JURY THEN ---

THEY'RE TIED UP GENTS --- JUST THE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO BE!

WHA---? HEY!



THIS IS WHERE YOU GET OFF!

LOOK... UUUGH!

SET THE VAR-- OW!



JUST GET YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR AND START WALKING TO TOWN!

I'LL OWOOD! MGH GUNTS!

ALL RIGHT! WE GIVE UP!

BANG BANG



WATER, IN TOWN WITH THE SHERIFF ---

GREAT WORK, BILL! IT WAS NO WONDER THOSE SLICK OALHOOTS RUSTLED CATTLE WITHOUT LEAVING A TRAIL!

THE ONLY FLAW WAS THAT THE CATTLE'S SHARP HOOPS QUICKLY WORE OUT THE RUGS SO HE HAD TO KEEP ORDERING NEW ONES! THAT MADE ME SUSPICIOUS



WHICH JUST PROVES THAT THE SUCKEST PLANS FOR CRIME ALL HAVE A FEW FLAWS THAT LEAD RIGHT TO THE GATES OF PRISON!

Bill Boyd

WESTERN

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